

*Shal.* If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*Mr. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

*Ma. Pa.* Here comes *Sir John*.

*Fal.* Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

*Shal.* Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

*Fal.* But not kill'd your Keepers daughter?

*Shal.* Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

*Fal.* I will answer it frait, I haue done all this:

That is now answer'd.

*Shal.* The Councell shall know this.

*Fal.* 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

*En. Pauca verba;* (*Sir John*) good worts.

*Fal.* Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

*Slen.* Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

*Bar.* You Banbery Cheese.

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Pist.* How now, *Mephostophilus*?

*Slen.* I, it is no matter.

*Nym.* Slice, I say; *pauca pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

*Slen.* Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

*Ena.* Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

*Ma. Pa.* We three to hear it, & end it between them.

*Euan.* Ferry goo't, I will make a priese of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

*Fal.* *Pistol*.

*Pist.* He heares with eares.

*Euan.* The Tewill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

*Fal.* *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

*Slen.* I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by these gloues.

*Fal.* Is this true, *Pistol*?

*Euan.* No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

*Pist.* Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: *Sir John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

*Slen.* By these gloues, then 'twas he.

*Nym.* Beauis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

*Slen.* By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

*Fal.* What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

*Bar.* Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fine sentences.

*En.* It is his fine sences: sic, what the ignorance is.

*Bar.* And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-cires.

*Slen.* I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunke whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this trick: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

*Euan.* So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

*Fal.* You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

*Mr. Page.* Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

*Slen.* Oh heauen: This is Mistrisse *Anne Page*.

*Mr. Page.* How now Mistris *Ford*?

*Fal.* Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Mistris.

*Mr. Page.* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome; come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

*Slen.* I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

*Sim.* Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon *Alhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

*Shal.* Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by *Sir Hugh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

*Slen.* I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

*Shal.* Nay, but vnderstand me.

*Slen.* So I doe Sir.

*Euan.* Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

*Slen.* Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrey, simple though I stand here.

*Euan.* But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

*Shal.* I, there's the point Sir.

*En.* Marry is it: the very point of it, to *Mr. An Page*.

*Slen.* Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

*En.* But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you carry your good wil to my maid?

*Sh.* *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

*Slen.* I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

*En.* Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

*Shal.* That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

*Slen.* I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

*Shal.* Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*): can you loue the maid?

*Slen.* I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.

*En.* It

*En.* It is a fery disfection-answer; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolutely: the ord is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

*Sh.* I: I thinke my *Cofen* meant well.

*Sl.* I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

*Sh.* Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

*An.* The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

*Sh.* I will wait on him. (saie Mistris *Anne*.)

*En.* Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be absce at the grace.

*An.* Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

*Sl.* No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

*An.* The dinner attends you, Sir.

*Sl.* I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my *Cofen* *Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

*An.* I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

*Sl.* I faith, I eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

*An.* I pray you Sir walke in.

*Sl.* I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

*An.* I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

*Sl.* I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

*An.* I indeede Sir.

*Sl.* That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene *Sacker* loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so eride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

*Ma. Pa.* Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come, we stay for you.

*Sl.* Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

*Ma. Pa.* By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

*Sl.* Nay, pray you lead the way.

*Ma. Pa.* Come on, Sir, my wife shall goe first.

*Sl.* Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

*An.* Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

*Sl.* Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

*An.* I pray you Sir.

*Sl.* Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Euan, and Simple.*

*En.* Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Cain* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

*Si.* Well Sir.

### Scena

*En.* Nay, it is petter y a'oman that altogether *Page*; and the Letter is to cite your Masters desire: you be gon: I will make pins and Cheefe to come

*Enter Falstaffe, Host.*  
*Fal.* Mine Host of the  
*Ho.* What saies my Bu  
and wisely.

*Fal.* Truly mine Host  
followers.

*Ho.* Discard, (bully *H*  
trot, trot.

*Fal.* I sit at ten pound  
*Ho.* Thou'rt an Empe  
I will entertaine *Bardolfe*  
I well (bully *Heller*?)

*En.* Doe so (good min  
*Ho.* I haue spokel: let h  
and liue: I am at a word

*Fal.* *Bardolfe*, follow h  
an old Cloake, makes a go  
man, a fresh Tapster: go

*En.* It is a life that I  
*Pist.* O bafe hungarian  
*Ni.* He was gotten in d

*Fal.* I am glad I am fo  
Thefts were too open: h  
Singer, he kept not time.

*Ni.* The good humor  
*Pist.* Conuay: the wi  
the phrase.

*Fal.* Well sirs, I am a  
*Pist.* Why then let Ki

*Fal.* There is no reme  
*Pist.* Yong Ravens mu

*Fal.* Which of you kn  
*Pist.* I ken the wight:

*Fal.* My honest Lads, I  
*Pist.* Two yards, and

*Fal.* No quips now *P*  
two yards about: but I a  
bout thrift) briefly: I d  
wife: I sple entertainme

caues: she giues the leen  
the action of her familiar  
behavior (to be english'd

*Pist.* He hath studied h  
our of honesty, into Eng

*Ni.* The Anchor is de  
*Fal.* Now, the report

husbands Purse: he hath  
*Pist.* As many diuels

*Ni.* The humor rises:  
*Fal.* I haue writ me l

ther to *Pages* wife, who  
too; examind my parts w  
times the beame of her v

times my portly belly.

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